

# THE CHRONICLE.

D. F. WRIGHT, M. D., Editor.

Clarksville, Tenn., May 29, 1880.

TERMS: \$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

Conventions of 1880.  
Republican National Convention, Chicago, Wednesday, June 2.  
Democratic National Convention, Cincinnati, June 22.  
Tennessee Republican State Convention, Wednesday, May 27.  
State Democratic Convention, to appoint delegates to the Cincinnati Convention and select President Electors, Tuesday, June 2.  
State Democratic Convention, to nominate a candidate for Governor, Tuesday, August 10.

## The Constitution Against the Empire.

IS IT PEACE?

Hold your hands, both you of my nation and the rest. Were it my lot to fight, I should know it. Without a sword.

We have heard more, both in the way of approbation and condemnation, in reference to an article of ours written two weeks ago than in the case of anything else we have written. We speak of our editorial comments on the nomination of Judge Hawkins for Governor by the republican party. We pronounced this a nomination dangerous to the democracy in case the so-called law section should attempt to force their tenets on the party at large by attaining a possible majority at Nashville when the time comes for the democracy to make their nomination for the same office.

This declaration has been made the subject of comment both in the editorials of other journals and in private conversation here and elsewhere, and, having found our position generally misunderstood (of course from our own want of perspicuity), we deem it necessary to define our intended meaning more exactly.

We have listened to the comments of three distinct classes of readers, all of whom have more or less misunderstood our intended meaning. These have been:

First—State-credit men who have looked upon our article as a declaration of war with the low-tax men, and applauded us for it.

Second—State-credit men who have taken it in the same sense and blamed us for it as disorganizers.

Third—Low-tax men who have taken it as a challenge, and answered it with prompt acceptance.

All are agreed, therefore, in taking the article in question as a declaration of war, and all are mistaken for it was written in the interest of peace and with a view to preserve the unity of the democratic party.

In answer to all, we will state our belief that there are greater facilities at this time for the democratic party to act in concert in asserting its principles against the republican party than have been in its power for twelve years, for recent events have removed that disturbing object, the state debt question, from the domain of party politics to that of the law-courts, where it is bound to remain for months, if not years; for the decision of the district court in which primary action has been taken cannot be rendered for several months, and then there is no doubt of its reference to the appellate jurisdiction of the supreme court, which implies litigation for an additional period of indefinite duration. While this continues the controversy is on the part of the bondholders, not with the people of Tennessee, but with the railroads to which the bonds were issued; so that there is no ground whatever for making that vexed question an issue in our approaching elections, and, if any section of the party should insist upon doing so, it will be, not because any public interest demands such a step, but because the interests of certain politicians can only be advanced by such unnecessary agitation. We desire the attention of the people to this matter, for to the politicians we know that all appeals are vain. Those gentry are in the pursuit of office, and know that the present incumbents can only be thrust aside by maintaining positions which the incumbents cannot as honorable men adopt; and to such office-seekers the integrity of the party is nothing, the welfare of the nation is nothing, compared with their own selfish aspirations. To them, then, we make no appeal, but to the people who are not seeking office, whatever may be their opinions on the debt question, we do appeal. We ask them whether the momentous interests which the democratic party is agreed in maintaining are not infinitely more important than the claims of any body of office-seekers.

On one side of this controversy is the perpetuation of the reserved rights of the states, on the other a system of concentration and military despotism; on the one side self-government, on the other the restoration of carpet-baggers and all their iniquities. If any man is so blind as not to see the paramount importance of these issues, argument with him is useless; but to those who have their eyes open and are capable of seeing the merits of a plain question, we put it, can they give their votes to men who by obtruding a distracting element, which is not now an issue with the people of Tennessee at all, deliberately and of malice prepense set themselves to hammering at the wedge which, if it enters at all into the approaching contest, cannot fail to shatter and disorganize the party which alone defends the constitution against the threats of those who would substitute it for a military despotism.

It is only in case these appeals should fail of their purpose that our warning comes in; it is only in case the agitators in question should be successful in deluding the people so far as to force on the party by their votes a position which no honest man cannot and will not maintain, in case that is, that it should be attempted to identify democracy with repudiation, that we tell men bent on such a course that they can't do it. We tell them that the state credit democracy is an insoluble fact which can neither be thrust aside nor suppressed nor absorbed by anything calling itself democracy but based upon fraud and dishonesty. It will take its own course

and carry out its own principles. Our hopes are yet, that this alternative will not be forced, that the people will be wiser than the politicians who would advise them to their ruin; and until these hopes are indisputably frustrated, we repeat that our voice is for peace, not war, and, again using the words of Othello, say to all belligerently disposed, Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

## NASHVILLE'S CENTENNIAL.

It is a good thing to keep birth-days, and when they recur, to reflect on former birth-days and the changes within and without that have intervened. If it is good for individuals it is also good for communities, with the difference that the intervals between the birth-days are years in the one case, centuries in the other.

At least so thinks Nashville, and she gave on the 20th a rousing birthday reception to celebrate the attainment of her first century; and we as an old friend gladly accepted her invitation. Our visit commenced on Wednesday, the 19th, on the morning of which day we started by train from Clarksville. The eager and excited crowd which densely filled several cars manifested the sympathy of Clarksville with the sister city. At Guthrie we found the train waiting for us with three coaches packed as full as they could hold with visitors from Evansville, Indianapolis and the intervening stations, and three additional cars had to be added to accommodate our contingent, and even the six by the time we arrived at Nashville were full to overflowing, for every station, however small, recruited our party with a crowd bent on seeing the centennial. When we reached Clarksville, we found the city crowded with people, and the streets were filled with a throng of people, and the city was in a state of great excitement.

After a hasty meal, we hurried to the fair-ground to witness the military display which was to be the attraction of the afternoon. Here we found a crowd variously estimated in numbers; we will not attempt calculation, but will only say that the noble amphitheatre was constructed to seat twelve thousand people, and that there were very few vacant seats. This amphitheatre is not, as in most such buildings, constructed in an enclosed circle, but its seats are arranged in an arc of about 120 degrees, or say one-third of a circle. This gives a great advantage in a picturesque point of view, as the seats form the open country, instead of a series of opposite seats, and the site chosen for the building looking towards the city is admirably adapted to the enhancement of this picturesque effect. Immediately in front of the seats is a level grassy plain, well adapted for the various exhibitions customary in such establishments. Beyond that, on ground gradually rising, are, on the ground on the right the Vanderbilt University and on the left the Fiske Institute. Still further, in the center, the capitol hill, crowned with its noble structure, and around all the distant purple hills which constitute the rim of the great central basin of Tennessee.

First to enter the lists was Battery C of the Louisiana field artillery, commanded by Capt. M. J. Porter. The promptitude and neatness with which they executed the prescribed maneuvers elicited shouts of applause from the assembled multitude. These being concluded, the Rock City Guards, Capt. Vinet Donelson, were ordered on the ground. This is an old organization, though at present manned by young soldiers. As known to this editor twenty years ago, no carpet baggers filled its ranks, but whenever hard fighting was needed in the southern cause, there the Rock City men were ready to the minute. As well, the old soldiers have retired and left the ranks for the boys to fill up, who, if their country should need them, will be as prompt, no doubt, to give for her life's blood as ever their predecessors. Success for the present day, they are soldiers in drill, and if older companies of greater experience carried off the prize from them, they have long lives before them and will do better next time. As it was, they looked like good soldiers and stepped out like men.

The Porter Rifles, Capt. George Rorer, followed and evinced care in their drill. We had not experienced enough to pronounce between the two, but the judges awarded the slight superiority to the latter company. Success for the present day, they are soldiers in drill, and if older companies of greater experience carried off the prize from them, they have long lives before them and will do better next time. As it was, they looked like good soldiers and stepped out like men.

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Well, we will not attempt to describe their marvelous drill, especially as all Clarksville has seen it. The feature which delighted the Nashville people most was their firing. By company or by platoon or by fours; standing, kneeling or lying (no imputation on their veracity is intended), firing all together or in succession, the promptitude and precision with which the discharge answered the word of command could not have been more absolute if the captain instead of giving the word of command had held an electric wire attached to the chamber of every gun and caused a simultaneous discharge. But we

cannot dilate. The Chicks were followed by—  
Company K of the St. Louis National Guards. This is undoubtedly a splendidly drilled company, and our curiosity for our Memphis friends does not blight their great merits. However, our impression at the close of their drill was that they had not come up to the Chickasaw standard, and the judges agreed with us, for next day the first prize was assigned to the Chickasaw Guards, of Memphis.

After supper we were beguiled by a young friend into visiting the Music Theatre, where for a concert calling itself a comic opera company was playing. We shall not give the name of our friend or the title of the company, for (being largely gifted with Christian meekness) we have forgiven both. For three long hours we were bored with *prima donnas* with voices suggestive of a cat caught in a steel trap, comedians perpetrating the most monstrous inanities without the ghost of a joke, without a spark of wit or humor in them, and, worst of all, an audience densely packed which insisted upon enjoining all the stupidest features three and four times, in response to the loud huzzas on the stage inexorably repeated every stolidity to the letter, not sparing us a single yawn. But our readers will be worse bored than ourselves if we continue; so we retire till the next morning.

As soon as we emerged from our roosting-place, we found all Nashville in the quiver. All Nashville, did we say? We should have added all Clarksville, Bowling Green, Hopkinsville, Gallatin, Murfreesboro and Lebanon and a large portion of Evansville and Louisville, for all these had emptied themselves into Nashville for the day. Infantry companies were mustered, cavalry galloping frantically anywhere or nowhere, artillery ever limbering up as if for action, eager crowds of citizens exulting in the crowds they had attracted, and country jakes wondering which of the plumed warriors was General Jackson; military bands playing all sorts of tunes at the same time, school-boys climbing trees wherever they thought something "bully" was to be seen.

At about ten o'clock order began to evolve itself out of this chaos, and the military companies "fell in," each at its appointed rendezvous. By half-past ten the procession was formed and began parading the principal streets, which were spanned by triumphal arches and gay with flags and flowers. What this procession included cannot be stated in these columns, for if it were they could contain nothing else. Is it not written in the columns of the American and the Banner?—to which veracious journals we refer enquiring readers. In brief, after a detachment of mounted police led by John R. Smith and J. B. O'Bryan, marshals of the day, came ten carriages containing distinguished and official personages, among them the Hon. F. House, the mayor of the day, Bishop McTear, Mr. Clark Mills (sculptor of the statue to be unveiled), Dr. T. A. Atchison, president of the committee of arrangements, governors and ex-governors of Tennessee and Kentucky, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and other generals, federal and confederate, the Hon. T. A. Kecheval, mayor of Nashville, Col. John C. Burch, secretary of U. S. senate, Gen. W. B. Date, etc., etc.

Then came Gen. John Wheeler and aids and the following military bodies: Crescent City Battalion, Louisville Field Artillery, Columbia Silver Helicon Band, Company K Missouri National Guards, Howard Reserves, Lebanon; Sumner Guards, Gallatin; Porter Rifles and Rock City Guards, Nashville; New Orleans Volunteers, Chickasaw Guards, Memphis; Nashville Light Dragoons, Battery A Kentucky State Guards, Battle A Louisiana Field Artillery, Barnes' Tennessee Light Artillery.

At something past eleven the procession arrived at THE CAPITOL GROUNDS. We doubt whether we have ever seen such a crowd as had assembled there by the time the procession had arrived at the site of the Jackson statue. This fine work of art has been erected opposite the north-west corner of the capitol. It was closely veiled with sheets of domestic and a large square space around it was reserved to be occupied by a military guard. The speaker's stand was erected between it and the capitol. This was occupied by the orator of the day,

THE HON. JOHN F. HOUSE, and by distinguished official persons and visitors. Among the latter were ex-Gov. Hendricks, of Indiana, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Mr. Clark Mills, the sculptor whose genius gave existence to the noble work of art now to be dedicated. Each of these gentlemen was repeatedly called to the front of the stand by the impatient crowd and had to bow his acknowledgments. At length Dr. Atchison announced that Bishop McTear would open the proceedings with prayer, which he did in his well-known impressive manner, and then the same gentleman introduced Col. House as the orator of the day.

## THE ORATION.

Popular as he is and familiar as he is with the eyes and voices of admiring crowds, our distinguished representative never before faced such a crowd as surrounded him on that occasion. It was not a Nashville audience, but a Tennessee audience, for there is probably no city or town from Jonesboro to Memphis which had not a representative there, while those of Middle Tennessee emptied themselves of the best of their population to do honor to the metropolis and to her favorite hero. The subject, too, was one for all Tennessee to claim as its own, for this state Jackson might well call—  
"Quae regio in terris nostri non plena labora."  
(What portion of this land and has not witnessed and been a gainer by my labors?)  
But it must be admitted that Nashville, more especially than any other part of Tennessee, is bound in strong affection to the memory of

Jackson. The old hero, born a few years before her foundations were laid, grew from boyhood to manhood there. He there acquired his first reputation with his fellow-men, and there spent the best years of his life and died with a morning's ride of the city. So it was fitting that when Nashville celebrated the first century of her existence, she should also celebrate the life and death of the hero who had so long made his home with her. Nashville and Jackson are two names inseparably associated.

How nobly the orator rose to the occasion, how worthily of his splendid theme he spoke, it is not for us to say; our readers know well his splendid powers of oratory, and the speech itself is spread on the columns of another page to speak for itself. It would have been an additional matter of pride for the old warrior and statesman if he had known that so able a panegyrist would commemorate his glory before such an audience.

THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION reserved for the last place, partly because the military display on Wednesday and the speaking and ceremonies on Thursday left us no opportunity to visit it till they were over. This occupies a spacious and elegant building on the corner of Broad and Spruce streets.

As is fitting in the metropolis of a great agricultural country, the most prominent objects observed on entering the lower story of the exposition were the reapers and binders, threshing machines, winnowers, etc., kept in constant motion by steam power. Then there were exhibits of coal and iron ore from mines in Middle Tennessee, buggies and carriages of Tennessee manufacture, etc., but what most interested us on this floor was the portion appropriated to the historical section. Here are exhibited objects interesting to the student of the early history of the state. Portraits of our first governors, documents, coins, swords of our heroes—a collection which only leaves one thing to the intelligent spectator to desire, and that is to study this part of the exposition, we ought to mention that our quondam fellow-citizen, Mr. Otis Davidson, has his machine for the manufacture of paper bags in operation there and hopes soon to have it profitably at work elsewhere.

Upstairs the art department is the primary attraction. This is, we believe, exclusively a loan collection, and is fairly typical of the private collections of gentlemen in the neighborhood. There are some alleged specimens of "old masters" of doubtful genuineness, we fear, and not in good condition, for if it were they could contain nothing else. Is it not written in the columns of the American and the Banner?—to which veracious journals we refer enquiring readers. In brief, after a detachment of mounted police led by John R. Smith and J. B. O'Bryan, marshals of the day, came ten carriages containing distinguished and official personages, among them the Hon. F. House, the mayor of the day, Bishop McTear, Mr. Clark Mills (sculptor of the statue to be unveiled), Dr. T. A. Atchison, president of the committee of arrangements, governors and ex-governors of Tennessee and Kentucky, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and other generals, federal and confederate, the Hon. T. A. Kecheval, mayor of Nashville, Col. John C. Burch, secretary of U. S. senate, Gen. W. B. Date, etc., etc.

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Upstairs the art department is the primary attraction. This is, we believe, exclusively a loan collection, and is fairly typical of the private collections of gentlemen in the neighborhood. There are some alleged specimens of "old masters" of doubtful genuineness, we fear, and not in good condition, for if it were they could contain nothing else. Is it not written in the columns of the American and the Banner?—to which veracious journals we refer enquiring readers. In brief, after a detachment of mounted police led by John R. Smith and J. B. O'Bryan, marshals of the day, came ten carriages containing distinguished and official personages, among them the Hon. F. House, the mayor of the day, Bishop McTear, Mr. Clark Mills (sculptor of the statue to be unveiled), Dr. T. A. Atchison, president of the committee of arrangements, governors and ex-governors of Tennessee and Kentucky, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and other generals, federal and confederate, the Hon. T. A. Kecheval, mayor of Nashville, Col. John C. Burch, secretary of U. S. senate, Gen. W. B. Date, etc., etc.

Then came Gen. John Wheeler and aids and the following military bodies: Crescent City Battalion, Louisville Field Artillery, Columbia Silver Helicon Band, Company K Missouri National Guards, Howard Reserves, Lebanon; Sumner Guards, Gallatin; Porter Rifles and Rock City Guards, Nashville; New Orleans Volunteers, Chickasaw Guards, Memphis; Nashville Light Dragoons, Battery A Kentucky State Guards, Battle A Louisiana Field Artillery, Barnes' Tennessee Light Artillery.

At something past eleven the procession arrived at THE CAPITOL GROUNDS. We doubt whether we have ever seen such a crowd as had assembled there by the time the procession had arrived at the site of the Jackson statue. This fine work of art has been erected opposite the north-west corner of the capitol. It was closely veiled with sheets of domestic and a large square space around it was reserved to be occupied by a military guard. The speaker's stand was erected between it and the capitol. This was occupied by the orator of the day,

THE HON. JOHN F. HOUSE, and by distinguished official persons and visitors. Among the latter were ex-Gov. Hendricks, of Indiana, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Mr. Clark Mills, the sculptor whose genius gave existence to the noble work of art now to be dedicated. Each of these gentlemen was repeatedly called to the front of the stand by the impatient crowd and had to bow his acknowledgments. At length Dr. Atchison announced that Bishop McTear would open the proceedings with prayer, which he did in his well-known impressive manner, and then the same gentleman introduced Col. House as the orator of the day.

THE ORATION.  
Popular as he is and familiar as he is with the eyes and voices of admiring crowds, our distinguished representative never before faced such a crowd as surrounded him on that occasion. It was not a Nashville audience, but a Tennessee audience, for there is probably no city or town from Jonesboro to Memphis which had not a representative there, while those of Middle Tennessee emptied themselves of the best of their population to do honor to the metropolis and to her favorite hero. The subject, too, was one for all Tennessee to claim as its own, for this state Jackson might well call—  
"Quae regio in terris nostri non plena labora."  
(What portion of this land and has not witnessed and been a gainer by my labors?)  
But it must be admitted that Nashville, more especially than any other part of Tennessee, is bound in strong affection to the memory of

Jackson. The old hero, born a few years before her foundations were laid, grew from boyhood to manhood there. He there acquired his first reputation with his fellow-men, and there spent the best years of his life and died with a morning's ride of the city. So it was fitting that when Nashville celebrated the first century of her existence, she should also celebrate the life and death of the hero who had so long made his home with her. Nashville and Jackson are two names inseparably associated.

How nobly the orator rose to the occasion, how worthily of his splendid theme he spoke, it is not for us to say; our readers know well his splendid powers of oratory, and the speech itself is spread on the columns of another page to speak for itself. It would have been an additional matter of pride for the old warrior and statesman if he had known that so able a panegyrist would commemorate his glory before such an audience.

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